From:
Mike Gunderloy
41 Lawrence St.
Medford, MA. 02155
USA

FIRST CLASS

To:

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

TINY GORILLAS

ACTUAL SIZE OF A TINY GORILLA

WHY IS THIS APE SMILING ?

• FUN • EDUCATIONAL • CERTIFIED • CLEAN

JUST 62½C IN AMERICAN CURRENCY

U.P.E. POSTER # 8-2

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Visual Arts Critic: Anni Ackner
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Token Canajian: Roldo (Just Roldo)
Aural Arts Critic: Shane Williams
Xeroxing: Yalda Bahut, Child of Chaos
Illustrations: John Crawford, Church of the SubGenius,
UPE, Bureau of Engraving and Printing
Everything Else. Mike Gunderloy
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FACTSHEET FIVE

yes, it's another edition of the zine of crosspollination and crosscurrents, still coming to you from Mike Gunderloy, who still lives at Superlative Manor (aka BBBTLE), 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA, 02155; pjone (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #431, itnended for direct mailing to the Good Folks. Frequency: Pretty much quarterly, but not for sure. Press run: 150 copies. Begun 21 June 83. 7th issue. All rites reversed. This advertising space is still available, cheap.

*****

Well, this August 83 issue of FACTSHEET FIVE is shaping up to be more of a fanzine than the previous ones, with a growing staph of extremely strange writers. And before you get to them, this is why you got a copy:

( ) You sent stamps
( ) You sent money
( ) We're trading zines
( ) You're in an apa with me
( ) You sent me something new to review
( ) Other:

THE LAST ISSUE YOU'LL GET WITHOUT TAKING ACTION WILL BE:

Current subscription rate is hereby announced to be 60 cents in stamps or 80 cents in cash per issue. Yes, folks, the price went up: it's been the same since this was a three-page dittozine, and I've got to pay for postage. At any time you can subscribe for up to four issues at the current price, and such subscriptions will be honored at that price regardless of any price increases. This should be a real bargain at the moment; I expect the price to jump drastically when I lose access to free Xerox at the end of the year.

But don't subscribe for more than four issues; anything more than $2.40 in stamps or $3.20 in cash will be considered a contribution to the production of FF. I'll try to refund unused money if the zine folds, but I can't promise anything.

As indicated above, you can also get FF by trading me your fanzine (all for all), or by sending me bizarre stuff to review that hasn't been reviewed here before. Gifts of money, drugs, negotiable securities, and canned goods will also count towards an extended subscription. And of course, anyone who writes an article or a column gets the issue for free. I'm still looking for reviewers in fields where I am functionally illiterate, such as television .

With any luck at all, I'll see you again in October, after the World Science Fiction Convention. I hope to see some of you there, as well. Hope you enjoy this issue.

Cheers,

Mike

BLUFF! Vol. 1 #1 ($1.50 from C.P. 95, Stn. Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que., H2Y 3E9 CANADA) is the successor to the journal CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE , which folded due to the usual bickering and backbiting found among anarchists anywhere. BLUFF! is designed to be a paper of "anarchy, minorities, and conceit", and this first issue contains articles on Direct Action, anarcho-capitalism, individualist anarchism, and socialism, among other things. The production quality is uneven, but the varied viewpoints are sure to provoke thought. The publisher has also started to bring out a series of anarchist pamphlets. #1 is titled "Is nonviolence incompatible with the social revolution?" Recommended.

*****

SURVIVAL NETWORK (PO Box 52282, New Orleans, LA 70152): says: "We are concerned with the survival of Mother Earth and her children, so we are seeking to build a network of support of land and survival struggles; to organize on-site support in the form of food, clothing and supplies; to maintain communications with and between the various struggling peoples; and to organize support for those who are jailed in this resistance."Though the statement goes on to say that the group is non-political, it shared an envelope with a funds appeal for Anarchist Black Dragon magazine and an appeal for help for the Vancouver Five. Still, if you're interested, more info is free.

*****

By the way, if you're interested in supporting the Vancouver 5--the people charged with the bombing of the Litton Industries Cruise Missile plant in Toronto--you can write to the Free the Vancouver 5 Defense Group, P.O. Box 48296, Bentall Station, Vancouver, B.C., V7X 1A1, CANADA.

*****

THE VOLUNTARYISTS (PO Box 5836, Baltimore, MD, 21208) are a group of libertarians who believe in the futility of using political means to change society. Instead, their main object is to delegitimize the State through education and withdrawal of consent from the power apparatus. Membership, including a 1-year subscription to their journal THE VOLUNTARYIST is $10. The journal is exceedingly well-written and seems to consist mostly of arguments against the State and against political action, though this is an area where it seems to be very hard to convert people just by being resonable.

*****

"It's very exciting to think of all those amateur publications running around loose (and very energetically) out there. I'm still not ready to call them examples of 'anarchistic communications systems', however--unless, that is, we similarly describe just about all of the great proliferation of writing which Gutenberg unleashed in our culture." Well, perhaps--but I do see a great difference between things published by large companies to make a profit, and things published by individuals to have fun. Though there may be more of a spectrum than a clear-cut division here, I think small presses are a thrust in the direction of future independence, decentralization, and even anarchy.

LITTLE FREE PRESS #42 (Free from PO Box 8201, Minneapolis, MN. 55408)is moving in a slightly new direction. Previously concerned mainly with pushing the "free system" of economics (wherein everyone worked for free and got products for free), Earnest Mann is now discussing issues of subserviance, personal power, and conformism. His final position seems borrowed from Nietzsche: "We are either slaves or Gods....Since I discovered myself to be a lion, I quit acting like a sheep." A most interesting plug for personal freedom.

*****

SAINT PRIAPUS CHURCH (583 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102) report in their May newsletter that they're trying to organize a similar church in New York. These are the folks who believe that "Sex can destroy evil" and who run the Gay Rescue Mission. If you're interested, they'll send you more infor for free.

*****

PROMETHEUS Vol. 1 #2 ($8/year from Libertarian Futurist Society, Ben Olson Treasurer, RR1, Box 114, Pocahontas IA 50574) contains the nominees for the Prometheus Award Hall of Fame (for libertarian fiction), some nice book reviews, a lively letter column, and a dreadfully silly article about the computer language Pascal. The author of this last thinks Pascal is a plot to teach students to be good little order-takers rather than independent thinkers. His remarks demonstrate a thorough ignorance of the way computer languages work.

*****

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY #21 ($4/year from Jim Huang, Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): Mainly a zine of reviews of mystery novels and television, though the definition of mystery is taken pretty broadly (THE A-TEAM and THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT FOR PRESIDENT both get mentioned in this issue). The reviews are much better written than most of those in the fan press, and the price is a real bargain. Recommended.

*****

CONCEPT-THERAPY INSTITUTE (Route 8, Box 250, San Antonio, TX 78229) runs these wonderful little ads that say "THE FORCE can be with you". I was intrigued enough to write, and they sent me what proves to be a typical new-age brochure: "Compare the brain with a computer. It does not represent the real yoy, for YOU have reason and choice. ...From your 'programming' comes your present station in life and your present state of Health, Happiness, Success, and Peace. We can teach you how to change any of these states..." At $165 for the course (though with a money-back guarantee) I don't think I'm interested.

*****

"It's amazing how many people are putting out their own publications. I thought I was the only one...Lucky we have Xerox machines: it's about the only thing that insures a free press."

*****

OVERTHROW Vol. 5 #1 ($10/year from Yippie!, Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013): is the latest issue of the irreverent and usually irrelevant Yippie newspaper. This one has information on the forthcoming Freeze Reagan/Bush Campaign (to put those two gentlemen into cryonic storage), squatters in San Francisco, how to beat the phone company and the obligatory article on oppression in El Salvador. Yes, no one wants another Viet Nam, but does every leftist paper need to keep publishing the same old stuff? Fun, though, and encouraging evidence that some people never grow up.

*****

OCTAGRAM #1 (Editorial whim from Maia Cowan, 652 Cranbrook Rd. #4, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013) is a small and thoughtful fanzine consisting almost entirely of book reviews. The books run the gamut from hard science fiction to fantasy, and are reviewed in Maia's usual pleasant, non-didactic manner.

*****

MOBILIZATION FOR ANIMALS (PO Box 1679, Columbus, OH 43216): "Dedicated to Direct Action to end animal suffering." I can't advocate either this group's position or its ethics, but I know that many sincere people are involved with the anti-vivesectionist movement. If you want to find out more, drop them a line. Upcoming events include a rally at the Dept. of Fisheries & Wildlife in Washington on April 7, 1984 and a rally at the New England Primate Research Center on April 24, 1984.

*****

INTERNATIONAL BLACKLIST (Suggested donation $2.50 from the Blacklist Group, 719 Ashbury St., San Francisco, CA 94117) is a directory of anarchist groups in the US and abroad. Some of the listings need to be taken with a grain of salt--multiple listings for a single group under different names are fairly common--but this is a valuable resource. Recommended.

*****

"Thanks for Factsheet Five. How do you find out about all that useless shit?" Well, Frank, it just comes to me in the mail. What can I say? I think my postman is an agent of The Conspiracy--it's all his fault.

*****

LOS ANGELES LEFT LIBERTARIAN LOCAL (4L) (30 cents per issue from NLE, Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801-1748): An attempt at a newsletter for libertarians and fellow travelers in the SoCal area, this may be dead by now. If not, it's worth getting, but don't send too much money.

*****

LOVE'S PRURIENT INTEREST (Editorial Whim from Cathy Ball, 712 North Stewart, Norman, OK 73071): A piece of fan fiction about the adventures of Fervent Hope, your usual "lithe and slender (yet well-endowed)" female neofan at her first con. Absolutely hilarious! Fervent meets the usual creatures of fandom--the SMOFs, the BNFs, the Gophers, and more--but remains unswerving in pursuit of Her Quest. To find out what that is, you'll have to get a copy, which I suggest you do.

*****

ANTI-SOCIAL COMICS #2 ($2.50 from Tom Roberts, 1270 W. Ardmore Ave., Chicago, IL 60660) is a vast improvement over issue #1. This one is actually funny in spots, when its not busy being sick and disgusting. I particularly liked "Ex-Hippie At Home" and "The Helpless Enigma of Frankenstein". Not just another underground comic.

*****

DREAMSHORE #5 ($1 from 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401) is a brand-new relic of the sixties. Fairly strange fiction, fairly silly Trekstuff, fairly odd occultism, and fairly worthwhile. I can't get excited over this sort of thing --it seems awful self-aware most of the time--but I do enjoy it at least as much as Instant Breakfast.

*****

THE FIRST ARACHNID CHURCH is not at the address that I printed in the last FF. I don't know where they went.

*****

J.C. Brainbeau (Box 2243, Youngstown, OH, 44504) can speak for himself:

ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GO
Along with birdbrain
BRAINBEAU'S CONCEPTS
that's just too bad because you're too late. To save the world they were adopted a MILLION YEARS AGO more or less in the 80's to last a million years and more. Spirit a SASE to arithmetically & spiritually sound
HEREBEFORES
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
SOON THE DOCTORS
Will be the only ones able to pay their doctor bills. That's because of our 8000 year old socialist economy which is heading for the moment of truth. We are #1. To end war, unemployment, inflation and death send SASE to: SCRAP SOCIALISM
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
"IF YOU DON'T GET THE PICTURE YOU SOON WILL"
I've been saying that for FORTY YEARS BUT SEND SASE ANYWAYS TO:
BRAINBEAU'S BRAINSTORMS
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss
WHEN ALL
Working-class work can be done by blacks between 20 and 60 thanks to labor saving machinery let's not make the same mistake again. Each should do his or her share. Send SASE to all-involving, inescapable, year 'round paying EVEN AGE, Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

*****

Julian Ross proves to be no better a proofreader than he is an artist. Sorry, kiddo.

*****

"Now, on to FF. Once again I loved it...I liked the quotes sprinkled through the first section too. STARS ON ONE was good--another I-said-something-but-it-doesn't-seem-like-it-huh? piece. I've always liked them." Well, I'm always heppy to get more egoboo, Eric. And since you liked the quoting policy, I'm sure you'll be happy to have done your part for it.

*****

AWESOME #4 ($1 from Buck Moon, PO Box 40916, San Francisco, CA 40916): "The Magazine of Surreality and Strange Fiction", does indeed contain both of the above as well as fashion news, wonderful fanzine reviews (i.e., he liked FF) andbizarre advertisements. Worth getting and smearing all over you r body.

*****

In response to the contest #3 (What utopian novel begins with the words "I first saw the light in the city of Boston in the year 1857"), Bob Black writes: "Your too-easy question's answer has another question: What are right-'libertarians' doing? Looking Backward...Send my Krugerrands (express mail) to the above address." Well, being a good anarchist, I used an anarcho-communist courier who promised me he was trustworthy just like all the left-libertarians in the world, so I'm sure you'll get them soon, Bob. In the meantime, you can enjoy your lifetime subscription to FF.

Contest runners-up Vicki Rosenzweig and John Harllee each get two free issues added to their subscriptions. Sorry, guys, but either you were too slow or the Post Orifice was.

*****

And now for the moment very few of you have been waiting for: the FACTSHEET FIVE Contest #4: In what book does the "Bobby-Joe Hendricks Cocktail Lounge" appear? Valuable prizes to be announced later--much later, I hope.

*****

"No, we're not 'trading zines' (disregarding that I've never issued a 'zine' and would as soon use that word as be photographed in Darth Vader Halloween get-up), what we are engaged in is complementary unilateral gift-giving. This, in microcosm, is what will supersede the 'economy' you 'libertarians' and Marxists set such store by." OK, OK, whatever you say, boss. What did you say?

*****

OUR CONSCIOUS LOVE #8 ($7/year from PO Box 2715, Alameda, CA 94501): "A Monthly of Consequence!" trumpets the order blank. One hopes the "consequences" include burying the editors in a deep, dark hole somewhere. This seems to be a synthesis of Randroid values with New Age horse apples, leading to a lot of flowery poetry and prose supposed to convince the reader that selfishness is the root of all good. I was amused to see the editors condemning sexual promiscuity just a few pages before their "Singles" advertisement column. Don't write for this.

*****

THE LAST INTERNATIONAL (2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704) has recently released a selection of rumours that were transcribed from DIAL-A-RUMOR (415-843-7474. Hilarious stuff, almost enough to make me wish I could afford to call on a regular basis.

*****

THE MATCH #76 ($1.50 from Fred Woodworth, PO Box 3488, Tucson, AZ 85722): I wasn't around then, but libertarians and anarchists of various ilk have all assured me that this was one of the best magazines of the good old days. It's back after a hiatus of some time, and is definitely one of the best magazines of now. The editor seems a bit cranky in some of his responses to disagreement, but the stands are all well thought-out and presented. A very interesting debate on porn and censorship is going on currently. Definitely recommended for anti-authoritarians of all stripes.

*****

TENTATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE (Box 382CR, Baltimore, MD 21203) sends a sort of explanation of "id ntity", which I reviewd in the last FF: "Many tink tanx 4 yet another ish of FF--4 Ccarity's sake: id ntity constitutes a slightly out of kilter overlapping set of currently lesser importance than t ha t of (tentatively, a convenience)--this latter set includes Tim Ore who (strictly speaking) sent U t he repro of Balto Sun article." Well, whatever. Along with this came some more cryptic yet interesting (and almost shocking) efforts from a struggling underground artist. Odd.

*****

CHURCH OF THE LATTER DAY PUNKS #4 (40 cents from 611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090) is the May Day issue of this little xeroxed punk rock and snideness zine. Full of Youthful Rebellion, some good fanzine reviews (mostly of stuff I don't get) and very little else.

*****

THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER ($5 a year from Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501) is one of the best ways around to keep up with news of interest to Libertarians of all sorts. Each monthly issue consists of eight pages of press clippings and news excerpts covering the inanities of government, moves of the libertarians, and other strange stuff, as well as interesting original articles. Send for a copy today.

*****

NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST NETWORK #11 ($2 from PO Box 7033, Boulder, CO, 80306) is another of the anarchist apas running around these days. This issue didn't contain too much of interest, but that may be because it has just changed editors. NAAN is to be commended for refusing to censor the contributions of its members or expel them for being odious, unlike two other anarchist apae.

*****

"I really liked FF - you have a finely twisted sense of humor and a smooth way of hanging things together. I look forward to future issues." Today, small pressdom--tomorrow, the world!

*****

BEATNIKS FROM SPACE #3 ($1 from the Neither/Nor Press, Box 8043, Ann Arbor, MI 48107): "A New Beat Journal of the Arts"is a collection of drawings, stories, poetry, random prose, collages and who-knows-what from a bunch of strange people loosely classified as "the New Beats". Not for hardcore linear thinkers, but quite a bargain for anyone else. I was alternately amused and puzzled by these 74 pages.

*****

SNOWY EGRET, Spring '82 ($3 from Humphrey A. Olson, 205 S. Ninth St., Williamsburg, KY 40769) is a pretentious little academic journal published twice a year. (I presume there are more recent issues than this). This one contains arty poetry, short stories, articles on sociobilogy and "America's Love-Hate Affair With Cats", and suchlike. Judging from the addresses of the various editors, this originates from academia. As far as I'm concerned it could have stayed there.

*****

STROKER 23 ($2.75 from 129-2nd Avenue #3, New York, NY 10003) is a work dealing with Henry Miller, Mohammed Mrabet, and like that. I gether this must appear to New York intellectuals. I guess. Stories, articles, poetry, letters, drawings, bafflement.

*****

WIRED TALES #1 ($1.50 from Toof Arg On Comic Works, 1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, R3E 2R7 Canada) is another of them thar underground comics. I liked the penwork in this, especially in the series of Dicordian-like drawings by Dudley Clearsky. I don't know if this is still available, but a couple of bucks to Toof Arg On will always get you something interesting.

*****

THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH, March-April 1983 ($2.50 from PO Box 549, Vista, CA 92083): another journal of Fortean and UFO research, with articles more literate than in most such places. Topics in this issue include a talk from Dr. Puharich, Russian thought-control radio broadcasts, the works of Proclus, psychi warfare, and debunking the debunking by the Amazing Randi. Strange stuff.

*****

PLAYHOUSE, May 1983 ($1.50 from 537 Jones St. #8183, San Francisco, CA 94102): a magazine for people past the fringes of accepted sexuality. This particular issue has bits on pedophilia, S&M, and getting off on religious symbols (is there a word for this?) If that's your bag...

*****

BILE ($8 per year from 5240 South Ingleside Ave., Chicago, IL 60615): a little arty critter composed of what I guess are dada-ist collages (but I could be wrong). I really liked the cover suggestion of "Nuclear Flash Shadow Pictures". Looks like fun.

*****

"You have of course my permission to drop little bits of my letters in FACTSHEET FIVE. You'd probably do it anyways so I may as well give the okay." Well, actually, if anyone really doesn't wat to be quoted they can tell me so, but I'm taking silence as assent until someone complains.

*****

"I agree with your cynical but optimistic outlook--or at least I think it's a good one to have--Burroughs has recently pointed out in a few interviews how lucky we are to be able to have a fanzine network on punk, politics, lit etc. In a lot of countries that is the untimate taboo (free exchange of ideas)--I read they recently put heavy restrictions on typewriters in Romania!"

*****

TRINARY III ($1 from Eric Morrison, 548 Edward St., Johnstown, PA 15905): a fanzine consisting mostly of fan fiction (because the editor didn't know any better) which actually has a few good pieces. My pick hit is "Kops in Toyland", which I think is up to pro standards, but what do I know? Fun reading for very little money.

*****

THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS, Summer '83 ($2 from 2121 Braley Rd., Coos Bay, OR 97420): "An Informational Advisory and Communication Exchange Paper on Psychedelics" is very well produced and definitely worth the money if you're at all interested in Dangerous Drugs, as the Establishment is wont to call them. This issue ranges from random thoughts about psychedelics and creativity to hard scientific information on San Pedro cactus and its effects.

*****

CURSED EARTH #8 ($1 from Steve Chaput, 2 Indian Hill Rd., Westport, CT 06880): An apazine designed for general circulation, most of CE deals with comics, and SF and horror movies. There's also lots of art, plus some fiction and fanzine reviews. Pleasant.

*****

"Have actually taken some of your advice and sent away for some things you reviewed. I can see why I'm not a libertarian! Boy, some of those guys would look good in jackboots and brownshirts."

*****

THE READERS' LEAGUE CATALOGUE OF CORRESPONDENCE #2 ($1.50 from PO Box 6218, Albany, CA 94706): The Readers' League is a non-profit endeavor trying to promote private letters as a source of fun. This issue contains listings from people wanting to discuss things from haiku tohatha yoga. Fun stuff. Also includes a few short articles about letters and writing.

*****

THE IMMORAL MAJORITY ($12 per year membership from Suite 292, 4300 Seneca St., Buffalo, NY 14224): Looks like just a low-cost scam trying to cash in on fears of the Moral Majority and the New Right. Don't bother with it.

*****

"The Tambourine Man is a cat named Bruce Langhorne. He was Dylan's guitarist during the pre-"Blonde on Blonde" days (simultaneously backing T. Maken & The Clancys, thus providing Dylan with numerous Irish melodies to re-write). To hear this cat make a tambourine sound like Allah Rakah, dig "Celebration For a Grey Day" &/or "Reflections in a Crystal Wind" by Richard & Mimi Farina (Vanguard)."

*****

LIVING FREE #22 ($1.25 from Jim Stumm, Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): "A Personal Journal of Self Liberation", this is devoted to living without the system. Interesting stuff on how to live on a farm or in the wilds, but personally I'm not ready to give up the benefits of modern civlization in order to eliminate its drawbacks.

*****

"The address for AAPA ((Anarchist Amateur Press Association--ed.)) is Sam Wagar, 861A Danforth Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 1L8. It's real, but not terribly exciting. Low minac, 50 copy count but I ought to warn you Sam believes in censoring racist/sexist material, and maybe other things." Thanx for the info, Vicki. I've run into Sam before, and have no real desire to see an apa he's running, so I'll let your letter stand as a review.

*****

CLAUSTROPHOBIA 78 ($1.50 from 5047 SW 26th Dr., Portland, OR 97201) is sort of the SCIENCE DIGEST of the life extension and space colonization movements. Some interesting news, but I continue to believe their science lacks much needed rigor.

*****

EPIA SOCIETY DIGEST, July 1983 ($1 from PO Box 5611, San Bernardino, CA 92412): "Dedicated to the American Constitution". EPIA stands for "End Poverty In America", and these people intend to do this by abolishing the Federal Reserve, get rid of the International Bankers, and go back to the Gold Standard. They also sell legal forms for defending yourself from moving violations in court.

*****

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #37 ($1.50 from Sherrie & Norm Lee, Naples, NY 14512): A magazine dedicated to just what it says. This issue talks of home education, easy-to-build cabins, natural cooking & gardening, health care, sunpower, and more. If you're interested in this sort of thing, this magazine is a "must have". The "Alternative Yellow Pages" in the back alone are worht the cost of buying it.

*****

PRIVATE HEAT 2/3 (4 for $4 from Lee Pelton, 4513-34th Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55406): This is a Traditional Fanzine, put out by someone who is very close to being a Big Name Fan. Full of loverly art, a lively bunch of letters, articles by fans near and afar and (the only Odd Note) stuff about Rock 'n' Roll. Incredibly cheap for the size, and a very good introduction to the world of SF fanzines.

*****

COMMON SENSE X/V ($8/year from PO Box 650051, Miami, FL 33165) is a newsletter for members of the Libertarian Party and fellow travelers. Well-written news and analysis articles, along with thoughts on strategy for a new revolution.

*****

"Tell the L-5ers that strip searches ain't shit. Unless they're willing to do anal cavity searches and put the people in a dry cell until they've examined their waste for a few days they still won't know what's found its way on board."

*****

SRAFederation BULLETIN 82 ($2 from PO Box 21071, Washington, DC 20009): The grandpappy of anarchist apas has fallen on hard times lately, with a lot of bickering and bad feelings. Still some interesting letters to read, but the atmosphere is positively depressing.

*****

CAREFULLY SEDATED #1 ($1.25 from 117 Wanless Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4N 1W1 CANADA): A new fanzine with an interesting and varied look: articles on D&D genetics, TV and its bad effects on the mind, space exploration and other stuff. Get in on the ground floor and I don't think you'll regret it.

*****

"I would happily work for free. Even if i started accepting no pay before everyone else, it wouldn't be a large loss in wages." Wanna buy a bridge?

*****

SINSEMILLA TIPS 3/4 ($3 from PO Box 2046, Corvallis, OR 97339): "Domestic Growers Journal", filled with gardening advice, DEA news, and lots of pictures of lovely weeds. Just the thing for all you dopers.

*****

"We need a publication like this which pulls together and reviews all this anarcho-wierdo stuff. Hope you keep doing it." Well, Bob, I will as long as I can afford to. All the reader support I can get would help a lot.

*****

THUDPUCKER #10 ($1 from Ron Ahrens, PO Box 61272, Fairbanks, AK 99706): Billed as "The Subliterature of Nondimensional Linearism", this little newsletter is devoted to exploring non-commercial (but interesting) forms of prose. Get in touch with Ron--he can probably use mail from the real world while he's stuck in the Frozen North.

*****

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY 14/6 ($8/year from SIL, PO Box 1147, Warminster, PA 18974): the newsletter of the Society for Individual Liberty, this takes a look at issues from a sane libertarian viewpoint without an excess of rhetoric. This particular issue deals with immigration and Social (in)Security. While I don't agree with everything they say, I do appreciate the depth of discussion.

*****

ROLLING STONE #400/401 has, for the first time in several years, an article by the Dr. of Gonzo, Hunter S. Thompson. This time he's reporting his horrifying experiences while covering the Pulitzer divorce trial. Buy it at once.

*****

"Are you sure that Leiber originated the term 'time-binder'? I thought it was some anthropologist or sociologist." Hell no, Sam, I'm not sure about anything in this zine. Anyone out there know for sure?

*****

IMPOSSIBLE BOOKS (Box 172, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613) is an anarchist book-service operating mostly by mail order. You can get their booklist for the asking. It lists a lot of things that look interesting and hard to find for very reasonable prices. The same people have also put out a pamphlet titled "A Brief History of Anarchism", which is quite well-written.

*****

INSIDE JOKE 22 (Still just $1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159): The "Newsletter of Creativity and Comedy" continues to be a lively little forum for the discussion of humor and lack thereof as appearing in songs, TV, books, and the real world. I'd tell you to buy this zine even if it didn't give me a good review. Honest.

*****

THE BIBLIOFANTASIAC #8 ($4.50 for 6 issues from Channel 53 Productions, 802 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4K 3S7 CANADA): Another fanzine that seems to have started independently of the SF tradition, this one contains mostly humorus SF stories, but also has serious reviews and pieces about writing. "Lenny Among the Pancakes" had me chuckling all afternoon.

*****

"The zine listings especially tickled me, maybe even enough to send for them or maybe not. Isn't it weird, though, how even if I'll never send for them, I find it pleasing even to have the information that they exist?" Yes.

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STRATEGY OF THE NEW LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE #2 ($2.95 from NLA, c/o Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801-1748): This little jornal contains fairly academic discussions of libertarianism. In this issue Marxism vs. libertarianism is examined, to the advantage of the latter (though there is one heretical article espousing anarcho-communism). Fun if you like this sort of thing.

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NOMOS Vol. 1 #2 ($2 from 5254 S. Dorchester, Suite 310, Chicago, IL 60615): "Studies in Spontaneous Order", says the cover, and the insides go on to explain that they're interested in the way a free society orders itself. This magazine is trying to draw together people who want freedom, from gun nuts to tax resistors to gay rights folks to peaceniks to hard-money advocates, an objective I heartily support. I was very impressed with the quality of their articles. Worth support.

*****

AGAINST THE WALL Vol. 11 #9 ($1.50 from PO Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091): If I had to classify this, I guess I'd call it right-wing libertarian, but the content is varied enough to have something for everyone. Very pleasing layout, something a lot of fanzines (like this one) lack. Very well done--try a copy and see if you like it.

"My latest conspiracy theory is that this laser beam weapon the Americans and Russians are pretending they don't want each other to get into orbit first with is going to be used to repress rioting in the Third World, with the eventual goal of the usual racist genocide in mind. As everyone knows, the Russians and the U.S. have not actually been fighting with one another since the J.F.K. murder, when they got blackmail on each other and established the capital-social imperialist power structure we now all live under. They pretend to hate each other in order to split the opposition."

*****

EMANCIPATION #47-48 ($5/year from Box 840, Washington, DC, 20044): is a double issue of this venerable anarchist periodical. Though some of this stuff is thought-provoking (such as the article on anarcha-feminism), much of it seems to be written to shock the reader and show off how unafraid these guys are to talk about unpopular subjects (Such as the article on "shit".) Marginally worth the money if you're committed to anarchy.

*****

THE AMERICAN RATIONALIST ($1 from PO box 994, St. Louis, MO 63144): "The Alternative to Religious Superstition". Rationalist in this case seems to mean atheist. The book reviews are well done, the reporting on textbook struggles is interesting, and the speculations on the existence of a soul were fun to read, but the nitpicking of contradictions in the New Testament was pretty gratuitous. I am not really committed to any religion myself, but I don't see why I should be so superior about it. C'mon, guys, what if we're wrong?

*****

CREATIVE ANARCHISTS OF AMERICA (c/o G.I. Joe, General Delivery, Cerrillos, NM 87010): is a new group organizing "to contribute to the decay of a government by not contributing to its support". The main thrust of the proposed platform seems to be anti-draft and pro-environment; sort of a US "Green Party", I think. Might develop into something interesting.

*****

THE END TIMES BARGAIN #1 ($1 from 1251 N. Placentia #112, Anaheim, CA 92806): What we have here is a sort of literary oxymoron, a SubGenius zine which has a markedly serious bent to it. Along with some nearly-funny ClassyFried Ads and the usual mindless Slack-sprouting are ravings about the utter superiority of word processors to typers and the fatal dangers of pyroflatulation. Some good artwork. Wait for this zine to develop (if it does).

*****

"...you mentioned that you thought The Steel Tsar was a rotten novel, even if it had Nestor Makhno as a special guest anarchist....I'll have to agree with you...I've also finished The Nagasaki Vector, and while I loved the ideas and the characters swearing by Lysander Spooner, Smith is a rotten writer. I much prefer ideologically incorrect Good Writers than rotten ideologically pure writers. Oh well."

PROMETHEUS, Vol. 1 #3 ($8 per year from Libertarian Futurist Society, Ben Olson treas., RR1, Box 114, Pocahontas, IA 50574): I really think the Libertarian Futurist Society is a good idea. There is a real need for an outreach and educational libertarian institution aimed at reaching SF fans and Futurists with mild libertarian ideas. Sadly, I don't think the LFS is it. I would expect the newsletter to contain a variety of libertarian views of modern society. Well, there is one of those--Sam Konkin's article on being against government-sponsored space exploration. But the rest of the newsletter is mainly concerned with fiction reviews. That's nice, but doesn't do much as outreach and education. I'm sure there's hope, but the current Prometheus isn't what I would like to see from the LFS.

*****

"Seems like '83 is a counterproductive year for us. Getting ready for Big Brother. Nobody is setting any trends. Even my lawyer is wiggin' out. Is nothing sacred?" Well, Jim, I dunno. '83 seems to have been a fairly productive year for FF at least. And there is too a trend--the trend to make a big deal out of Orwell's book. Of course, I liked 1984, but if he had followed through with his intention of calling it The Last Man In Europe (I think), we wouldn't be getting all this pseudo-academic craperoo dished out by the papers.

*****

"Received your publication and found it interesting. I am going to pass it on to a friend and ask him to pass it along." Hey, if anyone knows someone who would like FF (and maybe even subscribe, just let me know, and I'll be happy to send them a copy.

*****

"In re working for free: this reminds me of the old joke (actually it's a quote from some poet) 'We've got to stop hurting each other--you first.'" Yeah, there is that little problem. It seems that everyone working for free, or everyone working for pay, would be workable, but that a mix of the two would just generate unhappiness and chaos. The same thing may be said of anarchy vs. government: there seems to be no easy stage between here and there to pause at.

*****

THE DILLINGER RELIC 29 (Editorial whim from Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701): Arthur's notorious diaryzine, this issue has interesting book reviews, stories of dumb things done by real people, some amount of computer chatter, and Arthur's usual doings. Recommended, and not only because Arthur has good things to say about FF.

*****

OMNI, August 1983: I don't usually recommend this magazine (mostly because I detest their odious policy of printing excerpts from new novels instead of stand-alone short fiction), but there were a couple of interesting bits in this issue. One was a good, non-judgemental overview of the physical differences between the male and female brain. Another was about the hollow earth theory. Still not worth spending $2.50 for, but you might look it up in the library.

*****

THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL No. 40, Vol. 17 ($3.50 from The Church of the SubGenius, PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214): It says on the cover, "HARD CORE INSTRUCTIONS FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW NO MASTER," so perhaps I shouldn't say much about the contents. Much of it is Official Church Business and would make little or no sense to the uninitiated anyway. What I do recommend is that you take the plunge and find out what it's all about: Send $1 to the above address and ask for the introductory pamphlet. You can tell 'em I sent you. Anyone who does this, and lets me know, gets a free issue added to their FF sub: how's that for a bargain? This is a Church of mind-boggling humor and horrifying dogma that most of you won't want to miss.

*****

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR WOMEN, May/June 1983 ($10/year from 223 Old Hook Rd., Westwood, NJ 07675): Though I can't accept the "me me me" attitude of some female political activists, this paper seems to be well-rounded. In addition to news about political struggles there are also reviews of feminist books and plays, and news of women around the world, as well as some just plain articles about issues of importance to women. Though I may not be a very good judge, this seems fairly well-balanced to me.

*****

"A belated thanks for factsheet five. I salute you for doing that mag....Your reviews are much harder on the subjects than mine are. I couldn't bring myself to say anything bad about anybody..." Well, some of us are getting old and crotchety before our times. I don't try to be deliberately nasty, but most people getting this thing have a strictly limited budget for fanzines. I feel a reviewer should do his best to point out the distinctions between the various mags out there so people can decide what to do with their money.

*****

"Now drunk on my daily Checkered Demon, a mind expanding lush, being 3/4 Dark Beer and 1/4 Amber Tequila. Try one... try five...they're good for ya...Fuckin Ants, crawlin' all over me...hope they're real..."

*****

SPARE CHANGE ($1 or so from PO Box 18841, Tampa, FL 33679): Available for your Spare Change, Spare Change is a random little one-page thing published and mailed sporadically by the once and future Kerry Thornley. The latest issue I got included conspiracy theory about Giant Lasers, JFK, and Lyndon LaRouche, a plea for Wall Posters, and some neo-Reichian nonsense. Contents vary widely from issue to issue (and indeed from copy to copy of the same issue) but are mostly pretty interesting.

*****

PENNED IN

by Shane Williams

All right all you sci-fi-anarcho-indos* out there--howzabout a little bit of facts on music publications and current groups and releases through the slanted viewpoint of someone that likes punk, psychedelic, and industrial strength?

My favorite fanzine is FLIPSIDE. They've been around over five years and they've covered the LA roots scene the whole time. The cover has been glossy for a while but the coverage never is. They feature lots of interviews with LA bands and well-known punk bands passing through and they have a large letter section that is a forum for everything from high school scatalogical gossip to some sophisticated political observations. For anyone who is into hardcore punk or who is curious about it this is the #1 zine to have.

Hot on it's heels is RIPPER, put out in San Jose but comprehensively about the entire Northern California scene. It includes a few more anarchist tools--like a page full of addresses for international anarchist groups and, last ish, an editorial about non-registration for the draft. They also cover mainly hardcore punk but the editor has been listening to a lot of 60's and 70's music lately and is a little bored with trash so who knows what direction they'll be taking?

For a combination of heated rhetoric, all the "isms" you could ever want (all them 4-letter wordisms--Sexism, Fascism, etc.), great graphics, wonderful record reviews and credentials second to none I am forced to insist you get TOUCH AND GO which for years came out of Lansing, Michigan but thanks to unemployment now comes to you from Washington D.C.

For a change of pace try WAVELENGTH, formerly known as the NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE. There's lots of stuff about Cajun sounds plus a run down on the entire club scene in New Orleans. Recommended for anyone headed that way or who likes a New Orleans flavoring in his blues, jazz, or rock. Glossy cover and lots of info.

Not really a music zine anymore, RE/SEARCH covers a range of bizarre topics. One issue had Michael Moorcock putting down all the famous sci-fi authors he claims are fascists. Another showed pictures of bodily mutilations and disfigurements that take place in various cultures. They cover some Industrial Strength bands and there is something in every issue bound to interest you. Formerly the San Francisco punk zine SEARCH AND DESTROY, back issues of that title are available too. One book issue has tons of stuff on William Burroughs--if you're into him it's a must.

Nothing could be quite as eclectic as OP--don't ask me what that stands for--put out by the LMN, which stands for Lost Musicians Network. Basically wimpy but full of info you won't find anywhere else on independent music of all

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*individualists

configurations. The editor and his crew seem collegiate or full of white liberal guilt or something--always beating themselves for the overabundance of white males they give space to--but if your taste range from Polka to Punk and you want to know what all the wierd academic recordings from eccentrics worldwide are going to sound like then you should buy OP or even become a member of the LMN.

FORCED EXPOSURE is a Boston zine that has come into its own over the past couple of issues. Heavily influenced by the Touch and Go style, which is no wonder since the editor has been following T&G since its inception. The last issue with the Misfits on the cover was boss. For all hardcore fans, though the record reviews cover other stuff also. Good pix of Boston area bands.

Not exactly a magazine, but a short newsletter telling people what is going on with his label and group is put out by Bruce of SAVAGE REPUBLIC. They make music which is virtually uncategorizable and Bruce started a label to put out more of the same. Like most of the above he is doing it for love, not money--everything he sells including shirts and even book marks with his logo is cheap and well worth it. Due to his access to the UCLA graphics department or at least some knowledge he picked up there the SAVAGE REPUBLIC graphics are the best around. Write for the newsletter and see what I mean.

Some other publications that I will give even briefer mention to follow, these being the best of the ones that I'm familiar with. If yours is not listed maybe it's cuz I haven't seen it, so send it to me, either via the FACTSHEET or to Shane Williams, 73673-012, Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

AKA: A new hardcore zine from the Dallas/Ft. Worth area, with interviews and local coverage.

ALTERNATIVE AMERICA: All interviews by one of America's best DJ's ever--bands like Mission of Burma, The Embarrasment, Three O'Clock and lotsmore.

SICK TEEN: This zine is a monster. Hope you like to read small print though. Put out by the same guy who is in one of the country's most intense groups Suburban Mutilation.

VERSION SOUND: Put out by the same guy (Bob Moore) who used to cover only Hardcore in NOISE. He now covers that entire spectrum that is identical to my own--experimental, psychedelic, and punk. VERSION SOUND is also involved in starting a whole community of people into the same thing. Real high ambitions--check them out.

TROUSER PRESS COLLECTORS' MAGAZINE: Mainly a source listing of people selling collectors' records plus a few features on bands and record reviews. Worth it.

OFFENSIVE NEWSLETTER: third incarnation of a Columbus music zine. First called TKA OFFENSIVE then just THE OFFENSIVE now in its theoretically weekly edition it's THE OFFENSIVE NEWSLETTER. The editor is a real romantic. He's famous for covering Frank Sinatra but he mainly likes English eclecticism and romantic sounding dance music that is rarely commercial. The guy's been around a while and knows how to cover stuff--worthwhile.

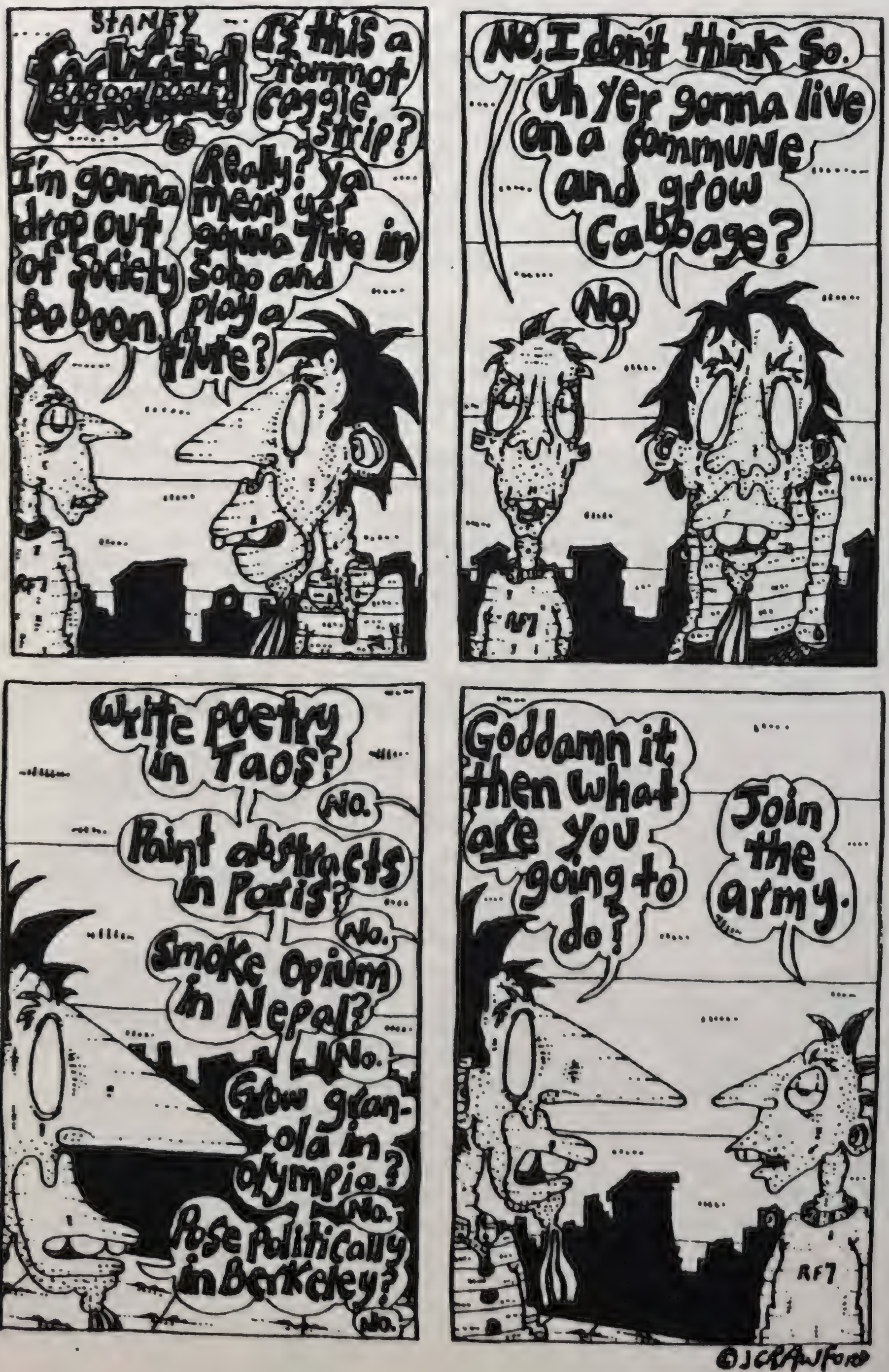
BLUR: Hardcore out of Lawrence, Kansas. Also articles on LA in the most recent ish. The last surviving Lawrence zine.

SMASHED HITS: Another wild little aggro-zineall about maximum Hardcore Don't Take No Shit. Must enjoy small print.

TAKE IT: Yet another Boston paper of Gonzo Journalism about punk with famour writers like Mick Farren and Richard Meltzer.

ALL THE DRUGS YOU CAN EAT/BABOON NEWSLETTER: Both put out by John Crawford, the extraordinarily funny artist who draws Baboon Dooley and who is engaged with Reds trying to take over Punk America (Gasp!). Get these immediately if you don't want your bodily fluids harmed.

NEGATIVE ARMY: Is this kid a trendy or a fascist? I doubt it but to be sure you'd better check it out. Like some of the others, this is a one-man labor of love.



ADDRESSES:

FLIPSIDE, PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608. $1 an ish but send for 5 or 6 at a time, you won't be disappointed.

RIPPER, 1494 Teresita Dr., San Jose, CA 95129. $1 per ish, get a few.

TOUCH AND GO, Box 25305, Washington, DC, 20007. $5.75 for three issues.

WAVELENGTH, Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175. $10 per year.

RE/SEARCH, 20 Romulo #B; San Francisco, CA 94133. A set of SEARCH AND DESTROY is $15 or $2 per issue of that or back issues of RE/SEARCH. Write for current rates or specific info.

OP, Lost Musicians Network, PO Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507. $8 a year dues includes the magazine. They're up to 'P' now (each issue focuses on a letter) so better hurry!

FORCED EXPOSURE, 76 Bromfield St., Watertown, MA 02172. $6 for 4 issues. Make checks payable to Jimmy Johnson.

SAVAGE REPUBLIC/INDEPENDENT PROJECT RECORDS, PO Box 66103, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Send SASE for newsletter or just ask for an order form.

AKA, 10931 Aledo, Dallas, TX 75228, send stamps.

ALTERNATIVE AMERICA, Blake Gumprecht, 814½ Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044. $1.

SICK TEEN, 708 St. Joseph St., Green Bay, WI 54301. Send stamps or 1 stamp plus a quarter.

VERSION SOUND, PO Box 429, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. Send an SASE to find out what recordings and publications are currently available.

TROUSER PRESS COLLECTORS' MAGAZINE, 212 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010. $1 per ish (bi-monthly) or $5 per year (domestic). They'll give you a free sub with an ad costing $30 or more for selling your records.

THE OFFENSIVE NEWSLETTER, 1585 North High St., Columbus, OH 43201. Basically 50 cents an issue, say 5 bucks for the next ten or so.

BLUR, PO Box 3374, Lawrence, KS, 66044. 60 cents or stamps to that effect or $3 for the next 9 issues.

SMASHED HITS, 2449 Normandy Dr. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49506. Send stamps.

TAKE IT: 39 Union St. #2, Brighton, MA, 02135. $2.

ALL THE DRUGS YOU CAN EAT ($1) and BABOON NEWSLETTER (50 cents or stamps), John Crawford, 7 So. Pt. Terr., Kinnelon, NJ, 07405.

NEGATIVE ARMY, 1324 Westwood Blvd. #115, Westwood, CA 90024. Send Stamps.

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Your humble editor, being the naturally timid sort often encountered in fandom, is not overly familiar with the punk rock scene. Therefore, I know from nothing about the above. Questions, rebuttals, arguments and additions are quite welcome, but please send all threats directly to the reviewer.

Thank you.

STARS ON ONE

by Anni Ackner

Dorothy Parker once wrote of Katherine Mansfield: "She was not of the little breed of the discontented; she was one of the high few fated ever to be unsatisfied." Me, I'm one of the two or three miseries that just sort of dislikes nearly everything on principle.

Oh, I'm not saying that this is a good way to be, mind you, and I would that it were different. It would be nice, I think, to be able to relax and join in an enthusiastic conversation about, say, MTV, instead of brooding by myself in a corner, muttering as to how all those cute little VJ's give me a case of the queasies. It would be lovely to view the ending of ET and not feel as though my tears had been jerked, or to be able to work up an interest in the carrings-on of JR Ewing or that fun bunch over at DYNASTY week after week after week, but it seems as though that particular form of bliss is never to be mine. Oh no, I'm always the one that winds up disliking springtime and football and the Muppets (yes, even Miss Piggy) and video games and Culture Club. It simply isn't fair, I tell you. It makes me awfully sad sometimes, and so I cling all the more tightly to one of the few things in this vale of smears that I do like: getting mail.

I do just adore to get mail (and here, I must stress, I'm talking about Real Mail, not bills and feelers from the Baked Trout of the Month Club and letters that start out "Dear Sir or Madam, It has come to our attention that...", but Real Letters from Real People). A filled mailbox is like a little party being given in your honour, a party for which you do not have to provide the food, or the sort of conversation that always seems to revolve around someone's gas mileage, or a place for your less restrained guests to sleep it off.After a hard day spent dealing with people you really don't care to know, is there anything nicer than coming home and finding letters from people you do care to know? (The short answer to that, or course, is "yes", but I refuse to get into the implications of that here.) You can lie on your bed and read them, and afterwards you can put them in a drawer and forget about them, or use them to prop up a smallish end table, or steam off the stamps and reuse them, or even answer the silly things if you're that sort of person. Honestly, I just can't say enough about receiving mail.

Recently I received a letter from Our Editor, in which he very kindly passed along some of the bits and pieces people had said about me in their letters to him. I thought this was terribly sweet of Our Editor, and I did enjoy reading all the nice words, but one in particular interested me, a little question from a man called Chuck Taylor, which I now present in somewhat abbreviated form: "Anni is a good writer, an excellent writer, a funny writer-" (I don't know about you guys, but that's my favorite part), "but why waste our time telling us about lousy movies?...She's got a sharp mind and could save us grief by telling us about gooduns - info that's hard to get."

Well Chuck, I'll tell you how it is. First of all there's that little problem of mine that I mentioned initially, that of not liking very much of anything. I see, one way or another, more movies per year than just about anybody I know (I think it clocked in at something over 1000 in 1982), but if I had to confine myself to writing strictly about those I actually liked, I'd have to give up writing columns and go in to something a bit briefer-- fortune cookie messages, maybe. And then--and by my lights more basic--there's the plain simple fact that it's next to impossible to be funny when writing about something you like. A bad movie brings out the rapier wit in me; the rare good one normally reduces me to a state of babbling adoration not pretty to behold. This is a difficulty well known to anyone who's ever caught John Simon in one of his occasional mellow moods--when faced with something that pleases him, the man goes all to pieces. Now I ask you, do you really want to read several dozen column inches comprised of my saying, over and over, "Boy, was this a good movie. Lemme tell you, was this a good movie or what"?

Still, I have to admit that I do have my pet films, and you certainly have a point about info on the "gooduns" being hard to get, and I do like to honour all reasonable requests and, what the hell, maybe just this once...well, okay, but let's lay a couple of teensy ground rules first, shall we? The movies about which I'm about to talk are, for the most part, ones which, for some reason or another, were passed over by the critics, or didn't make a big hit at the box office, or are simply obscure. You don't,after all, need me to tell you that WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION is a good film or, if you do, perhaps you should consider doing something about that neurotic need you have to be lead. They are not, necessarily, the best films that I have ever seen (though a few of them fit that category), but only the ones that I feel many people may have missed (again, there's not much point in telling you to rush right out and see CITIZEN KANE, is there?). Finally, I think it ought to be pretty clearly understood that this is a thoroughly subjective list, and I am known in certain circles (encompassing most of the free world and parts of the united Soviet bloc) as having taste that borders on the Peculiar. I'm the one, after all, who thinks Donald Sutherland is cuter than Burt Reynolds, so be advised.

And now, having said all that, I now present, in no special order (I had wanted it to be alphabetical, but unfortunately I'm not one of those people who has an alphabetical mind)

TEN MOVIES I REALLY THINK ARE GOOD. HONEST.

1) POPEYE: Like most Robert Altman films, this one is dense, difficult, infuriating and, ultimately, rewarding. Unlike most Altman films, nobody much seems to have enjoyed it, except me (Well, I warned you, didn't I?), but it is worth seeing, I promise. Robin Williams (for whom I have an admiration that comes close to being idolatrous) is nothing short of brilliant as Popeye--in fact, he's very nearly too good, in the sense that his mastery of Popeye's odd vernacular is so accurate that it renders quite a few of his lines just about

incomprehensible--Shelly Duval plays Olive Oyl as though she had been waiting her whole life for the role, even the normally reprehensible Ray Walston carrys off poopdeck Pappy with a certain amount of style. Altman has done nothing less than take a flat, very one-dimensional comic strip and create an entire world from it, much closer to the original THIMBLE THEATRE concept than to the later, infinitely worse, cartoons. There's music by Harry Nilsson and, while you don't exactly walk away humming it, it's quite clever and fits the overall movie well. HBO and Showtime both have prints of this, and tend to show it at odd hours when they think no one is watching. Surprise them and catch it sometime.

2) BADLANDS: As I recall, this got its fair share of raves from the Real Movie Reviewers but never went anywhere at the box office, and now turns up only occasionally on local stations during baseball rainouts, and even more occasionally in the revival houses. My advice to you on this point is to pray for rain. More or less based on the Starkweather/Fugate murders of the late 1950's (although with a comparatively happy ending tacked on to the end of it, presumably for the sake of appearances), during which Charles Starkweather, aged 19 and Caril Ann Fugate, aged 14, terrorized Nebraska for a period of several months, told in a flat, non-judgemental style, this is all the more terrifying for its starkness, its flashes of warmth and even humour and its utter lack of sensationalism, much more frightening than a dozen dripping-blood-and-dismembered-extremities epics. It stars Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek, two big plusses right there and, after seeing it, you may never be able to look on Nebraska with quite the same jaundiced air again.

3) MIDNIGHT COWBOY: Even though tis won the Academy Award for Best Picture in, I think, 1969 (please don't hold me to that --I'm notoriously bad on dates), a really surprising number of people, particularly those under 30, haven't seen it. I believe the current betting line is that is's dated which, as a matter of fact, it isn't. Times Square hasn't changed, the congenitally misplaced haven't changed and, not to get unbearably ooky, neother has loneliness. Even the party scene--the one scene that might actually, through its costumes and ambience, place the film irrevocably in the late 60's--won't really seem out-of-date to anyone who's gotten stuck at a Soho loft bash. Absolutely hilarious in places, bitingly ironic in others, the underlying themes of despairing friendship and loss, even after repeated viewings, can reduce me to tears faster than running out of cigarettes at 3AM on a Sunday morning. Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight--two of America's current Good Guys--play the leads, helped along by Sylvia Miles, Brenda Vaccarro (in her pre-tampon days), Barnard Hughes and a small slew of others. New York's Channel 5 Movie Club likes this one, but I've also seen it turn up on the eight o'clock movie programmes on other local stations, generally as shredded as the contents of a White House trash basket, but even the parts of this one are better than the wholes of a lot of others.

4) BREWSTER McCLOUD: This may have been the first commercial Robert Altman film (I'm not well versed enough in Altmania to be able to tell for sure), and it's certainly one of the loonier ones, centering, as it does, on a boy who lives in a remote section of the Astrodome and attempts, with the "help" of a birdlike guardian spirit, to build a set of workable human wings. If you can buy that premise--and Altman makes it ridiculously easy--there's a lot to like in this, notably Sally Kellerman as the spirit (Whose symbolic value, if any, I can't even begin to guess), Shelly David as an Astrodome tour guide (whose plot value I won't even begin to try and explain) and the terribly under-rated Bud Cort (Did anyone but me notice him as the Court Musician in FAERY TALE THEATRE's Mick Jagger dominated production of THE NIGHTENGALE?) as Brewster. Not as good as MASH or POPEYE or even NASHVILLE, this is still an excellent choice if you're in one of those bloated, satiated moods that can be brought on by too many adorable robots and furry little space warriors. It most often sneaks, apologetically, into Altman film festivals, where it seems to be awed by the Big Boys, but I've also caught it on "Superstation" WOR, usually at 1:30 in the afternoon, bewildering the unemployed.

5) THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS: Judith Christ hates this, which, as I mentioned earlier, can be recommendation enough in itself, though I have neatly managed to forget precisely why she hates it. As far as I'm concerned, it's a spiffy, unpretentious little film; as much Don Quixote as it is Sherlock Holmes, about a respected judge who loses his mond and begins to fancy himself Holmes (his psychiatrist, it goes without saying, is called Dr. Watson), that wants nothing more than to amuse, and perhaps touch a little. George C. Scott (at his least arrogant) is "Holmes", Joanne Woodworth is Watson, the whimsy is kept at a tolerable level, the humour is gentle, and there's a nicely underplayed love story thrown in for those who like that sort of thing. This is not a lunatic comedy; it's a comedy of lunacy, and you could do much worse. It used to get a lot of airplay on CBS's late night movies; now that they no longer exist it's anybody's guess as to where it will turn up next, but it's worth checking the listings for.

6) TIMES SQUARE: This is another one that the Real Movie Critics, to a person, detested, for no particularly good reason except that the storyline, admittedly, is a tad silly. However, if you can suspend disbelief enough to allow for two teenage runaways managing to survive in 42nd Street environs without being raped, murdered or falling into the clutches of a colorfully-dressed man called Smooth, this can be a lovely movie. Not the least of its attractions is Tim Curry (a man who, if he can ever lose the stigma of Frank N. Furter, ought to be a colossal start someday) as a disc jockey who serves as both instigator and Greek Chorus (a plot device not unknown to anyone who saw VANISHING POINT or THE WARRIORS, but handled particularly well here), but there'e nothing wrong with Trini Alvarado--one of the only teenage actresses who doesn't immediately inspire thoughts of infanticide, and the soundtrack is spectacular, including Patti Smith, Lou Reed, Gary Numan, Suzi Quatro (yes, I like

her) and an incredible host of others. HBO also has a print of this, though they've only shown it a few times, so you might want to badger them about it, someday when you haven't anything else to think of.

7) WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM: Due to the worst packaging and promotion since FACE DANCES, only a few insomniac HBO viewers got to see this, which is a shame, as it's a must for Hunter Thompson fans or anyone who remembers the paranoia of the Nixon years (which may be the same thing, at that). Bill Murray as Thompson has the best role of his career to date, TOOTSIE notwithstanding, Peter Boyle (another under-rated genius) is perfect as his distinguished attorney and the script, though ti does drag a bit near the end, is as true as humanly possible to the manic spirit of Thompson's books. What on earth can you possibly say about a film that includes dwarves, football players, politicians, grapefruit, renegade journalists, a devastating Jann Wenner send-up and at least one Doberman Pinscher? While you're talking to HBO about TIMES SQUARE, you might want to put in a good word for this one, as well.

8) THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP: The major problem with this one, I gather, was that it wasn't the book, which is one of those criticisms that there is no particular way to counter. In point of fact, this isn't the book, is only remotely connected with the book, and has no pretentions of ever being the book, however, while I am of the opinion that the book may be the best of all possible books, this in no way detracts from the fact that the movie is pretty wonderful in and of itself. Possibly the best cinematic expression of what being a writer is actually like, rather than what people expect it to be, ever made, by turns comic, sad and frightening, exceptionally well acted (Robin Williams again, with the help of an exceptional supporting cast), paced and directed, you're only cheating yourself if you listen to the literary purists. Currently, this is in that white space between wide theatre distribution and pay-tv broadcasting, but you might still be able to catch it in some of the smaller houses in the outlying sections of town. Do yourself a favour and try.

9) ROCKY III: I hated the original ROCKY so much that I never bothered to see ROCKY II, and I'm assuming may of you felt the same way. In fact, I only caught this one because Mr. T was in it and I will watch Mr. T in an all-male production of STAGE DOOR, if that's what makes him happy. To my vast and overwhelming surprise, however, ROCKY III is actually Good. Apparently, somewhere along the line, someone said, "Well, we've stroked Sylvester Stallone's ego through two pictures, what say we really make a movie here?" and somehow, they got by with it. There's still a certain amount of disbelief suspension required--to accept, for instance, that the heavy-weight boxing champion is a good and noble thing to wish to be--and a certain amount of maudlin sentimentality, and more than a little Sylvester Stallone, but still there's a plot, a theme, close-ups of something other than glistening muscles, and it's all remarkably good, given the circumstances.

You don't have to have seen the first two to get the gist of things--in fact, that may be a hindrance, all things considered --and there are only a couple of moments when the squeamish will be forced to stare at their jujubes. As of this writing, HBO was airing this, but I believe it's still showing at some of the second run houses, possibly on a double bill with GARP.

10) GIRLFRIENDS: Good luck to you in finding this one, I don't remember who stars in it, I never did know who made it, and I've only seen it once, one rainy Sunday afternoon in the St. Marks Theatre on a double bill with the loathesome CHARIOTS OF FIRE, where it so far outclassed all those smarmy Englishmen running around the seaside that it would have been downright embarassing, except that I suspect the purveyors of CHARIOTS are beyond embarassment in any case. Be that as it may, this is, without a doubt, the best movie I have ever seen concerning being single, female and on your own for the first time in a large city. There isn't a wasted moment, a drop of sentimentality, or a bad performance in it and, if I had any spare time to speak of, I'd devote a good portion of it to hunting this one down. If you have any spare time, I might suggest you take it up as a hobby--it's certainly more interesting and less expensive than raising tropical fish--and if you do happen to find it, please let me know. I'll travel as far as Rhode Island to see it again.

Chuck? Chuck? You still there? Are you sorry you asked, or what? Well, never mind. Next time I'll return to writing about the things I dislike and everything will be as it should be again. Besdies, things being as they are, it may be another 15 or 20 years before I can amass another list of this type again, so we're safe on all counts. Not that I haven't enjoyed this immensely, you understand, but there are limits even to my sunny good nature and anyway, it's 11:30 AM, and time to go pick up the mail.

((Aeditorial Intrusion: Once again I am very thankful to have Anni taking over this task of reviewing movies for me. To provide further, perhaps unnecessary, evidence of my lack of knowledge in this field, let me mention that I have only seen one of the movies listed above. No prizes will be given out to those who guess which one it was.))

Canadian Corner

Hullo!

I'm your new neighbor . . .

a Northern Desultory Phillipic
by Roldo

By the time you read this, I'll be a year older than I was at this time last year. So will we all. We have that in common... you, me, the young Masai sneaking into the African bush to pull a lion's tail, the Inuit watching Wayne Geeksky do his morals and money thing on satellite-supplied toob, and that supercilious sonofabitch you somehow avoided giving a fat lip to today. All of us, 365 days older...and what to show for it?

Jerry Foulsmell is a year older, Ronald Reagan has another twelve months for his make-up crew to cover, William B. Fuckley has some new wattles in his reptilian neck...whole spinning and spun out world's 8760 hours further into the Future than it was on this date last year. All the "Good Guys" and "Bad Guys" (depending on what team you've been conned into playing on) are a full Official Year more elderly and feeling it.

The Renaissance-Dark Age cycle used to take centuries. Now it takes decades. Eventually it will take years, then months, weeks, days, even minutes.

Hullo! My name is Roldo, and that's no name at all.

Mikey, with that rare flash of insight that sometimes occurs to Seeing Eye dogs and the type of cop who prefers "Barney Miller" to "Hill St. Blues", has realized that Canadians have more to say than "Uh...gee, eh...I dunno...I guess so" as foreigners who see only our politicians in inaction would easily believe.

His only mistake was in asking me to say it.

But he did and I am, so lets try to make the most of the situation that is, shall we?

Lets see...uh...you all ready for the Police State, folks? The way things are going, it'll be here two years before most of you recognize it. However, I don't want to start off being "heavy" so I'll ignore that for now. Here's a hint, tho: Big Brother doesn't have to Watch if you're doing what he tells you to and you DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

Hhrmmph...yes, well...

Canadians are in the habit of speaking of "their Country" with some unquestioned embarassment, which is one way Europeans can distinguish them from Americans. A typical Canadian abroad, when asked if he's an American, will answer in somewhat this fashion: "UH...no...I'm from Canada. Y'know, the place everyone wonders why they live there during the Winters."

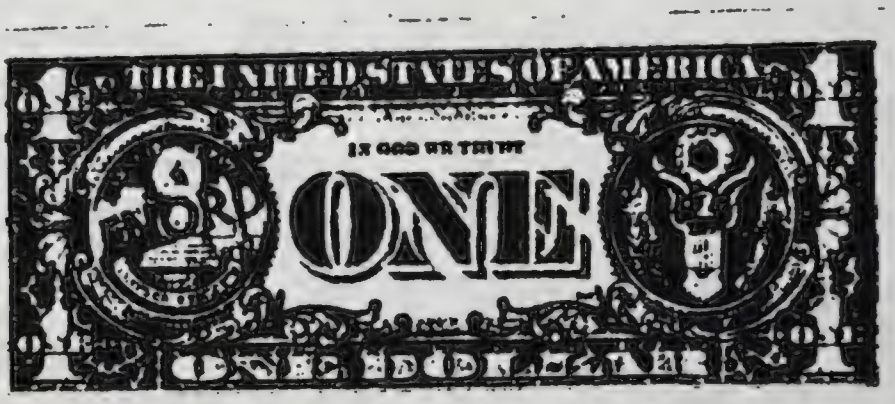
And it's true, Canada has scant to boast of. Our Prime Minister is a 33rd Degree Looney, half our year is a Siberian

Ice Age, we didn't have a National Identity before Bob and Doug, we didn't even have to steal our land from the Indians because they had enough sense to move south for the winter and while they were away, a bunch of Scots moved in, looking to escape tyranny and sheep.

Everyone knows (or should know) the part the Illuminati played in the American Revolution and its subsequent results, but no one has ever bothered to relate how They manipulated the Fathers of Confederation. Maybe I will, someday, but not here, not now.

No, I'd rather paint you some metanoid fantasy, some however-brief anodyne for the simulated negativity of these times.

But I've said enough for now.



FNORD YOUR BUCKS ?

Just consider all the benefits:

*Those mehums who have been taken in by the conditioning of The Conspiracy (administered to all elementary-school kids) would be placed in a classic double bind with every dollar bill they received. Conditioned to the "fight or flight" reaction by the "FNORD", and to the "Gimme gimme" reaction by the shade of green, their brains would overload and maybe even lead them into illumination of sorts.

*Now everyone, not just the International Bankers and the Crazy Conspirators would know "funny omney" when they saw it.

*If the entire far-out left-wing were to take up this practice, it would be a lot easier to tell when the time was ripe for a serious attempt at taking the country over. Just go down to your local bank and take out $100 in ones, and count the fnords. When it's more than twenty-five or so, it's time to strike.

Of course, your editor and his staph would never suggest to anyone that currency should be mutilated or marred. Nor would we point out that a magic marker would do as well as a rubber stamp.

But remember, one word may put thousands into the picture.

BASEBALL, HOT DOGS, CAPTAIN AMERICA & ME

by Robert Gillie

So Mike says to me a few letters back, a propos of me writing something sometime for Factsheet Five, "you could always do mainstream comix reviews". He proceeds to explain to me that "there are a lot of little fanzines out there devoted to 'alternative comics' with names like SCUMBAG and CRUD, but the only fans who revel in the real comics are off in their own little world of comics fandom which doesn't seem to communicate with real people at all". Later he tells me "Definitely write that comics review column". He even goes so far as to tell me the deadline for copy (which, as I write this, looks like the day after tomorrow). This sounds to me like a hint. I can take a hint.

First off let me be straight and say that I am far from being any kind of expert on comics of any kind. I only began reading the in earnest this year, and before that they really didn't enter into my life. But one day this spring my friend Sonny pushed me this copy of the Uncanny X-Men (#166 of blessed memory) and I was instantly caught up in the climactic struggle against the Brood and, amazing grace, I who once was blind, saw. Since then I have wandered afar in the realm of comics and comix and now I come to tell you of what I have seen there.

This column will take a look at mainstream comics, that is, those produced by DC Comics, Marvel Comics and some of the smaller publishers (First, Pacific, WaRP and so on). I doubt that we will stray into the underground too much; Mik'l summed up my attitude towards "underground comix" to a fair degree in last issue's review of Anti-Social Comics -- "somehow they all seem the same." Not only that, but I can see all the drawings of naked people doing things to each other I want in the comfort stations of our nation's highways. I get fed up with smartass political repartee, too. Two years at Berkeley has been enough to weary me of that...

But since Mik'l proffered, prompted and pushed me into considering doing this column, I've seriously begun to examine why I do like comics, and why I like some of them and find others to be dull, boring and omnipresent. These are serious questions.

I could just say, for instance, that Amazing Spider-Man #243 is incredibly good and you should all each run down to your neighborhood comics store (and if by chance your neighborhood doesn't have a comics store then you, sir or madam, are living in the wrong neighborhood) and buy lots of them, but there's a fundamental problem there. Actually there are two fundamental problems there. One is simply that with the timelag inherent in writing for publication the issues that I rave about may be long gone by the time you read my ravings (I mean, I'm writing this in July and you're hopefully

reading this in August or possibly September). Not much we can do about this, not at least until Mikey gets a word processor and his very own offset press and an unlimited budget (well, actually, there are ways, but I'll have to think more seriously about whether I want to commit myself that strongly to the propagation of the faith or not).

The other fundamental problem is this: standards of excellence in anything vary from one person to another. We all know this. Without knowing why I judge something peachy and something else the pits, it won't do you much good to follow my advice or anyon else's.

So, my standard is this: I love a good story, well told. Good stories told poorly run second, poor stories told well come in third, and poor stories poorly told finish somewhere behind Italian science fiction movies. There are variations to this system, but basically that's it.

Someone will no doubt ask, "But what about art?" Fair question: after all, comics are a visual medium. I don't know too much about art--the technical side of it anyway. To me, it's like this: if the art improves or enhances the story, well and good and sometimes great. If the art is terrible or uninspired--need I say more? But all the nice drawings in the world won't help if there's something wrong with the story. Case in point: Coyote (published by Epic Comics, a subsidiary of Marvel). Forget the fact that the ad campaign was a steal from my all time favorite National Lampoon cover --picturing a cute dog with a gun at his temple with the caption "If you don't buy this magazine we'll kill this dog". Coyote has wondrous art and some of the sequences--particularly the mythological ones--are just beautiful. But the story is incoherent, somewhat less than plausible and tries too hard to be inscrutable (Indian myths are inscrutable enough as they are). The premise is good: Nice young Indian becomes embodiment of Coyote-spirit and fights bad guys. But beyond the premise coherency disappears. Coming into a comic many times is like coming into a movie in the middle--but this was the first issue. I don't mind being mystified a little, but answer a couple of my questions along the way. Otherwise the storyteller is not being fair to his listeners. A good story must be fair.

Because of the time lag involved here, I intend to indicate series of comics that I think are good storytelling. From time to time, however, a single issue is so stunningly well done (like Amazing Spider-Man #243 and the Uncanny X-Men #171 and Avengers Annual #10) that it deserves special attention. Most comic book stores have back issues, though they will often times charge more for them (you can also find back issues many times at 7-Elevens or airport newsstands) (my momma told me, you gotta shop around).

To begin with, then, I'd like to look at two "books": the Uncanny X-Men and American Flagg. X-Men has been around since the early seventies, I believe, while Flagg is brand new, the second issue having come out just last Friday. Both are stupendous in their own right, both tell good stories and tell them well.

As I've just mentioned, the Uncanny X-Men (published by Marvel Comics) is a long-running series. The problem with

that is that of course you can't help but come in in the middle. It took me a while to figure out all the different things that were going on, but that only added to the fun. At the moment, there are seven X-Men (eight, if you count Professor Xavier): Logan (Wolverine), Ororo Munroe (Storm), Katherine Pryde (Ariel), Pyotr Rasputin (Colossus), Scott Summers (Cyclops), Kurt Wagner (Nightcrawler) and (Rogue), whose real name is unknown.

The X-Men are mutants, homo superior, with an intriguing array of plausible and implausible abilities ranging from teleportation to the shooting of ruby red rays of destructive power from the eyes. These abilities may be modified or enhanced by technological means, i.e. Cyclops' glasses or Wolverine's claws. Irregardless of the believability of their fundamental mutation, however, each character has a believable and interesting personality. Each character also has an individual story line and there is a general "X-Men" story line as well.

Basically the Uncanny X-Men is an adventure serial, with our heroes engaged in combat with various and sundry misunderstood mutants, lebensraum-desiring aliens, and nasty specimens of homo sapiens. Occasionally this becomes banal, but the last three main stories have been sheer dynamite: Jean Grey's transformation into the malevolent entity Dark Phoenix and her subsequent, supposed death; the battle of the X-Men against the downright unsavory Brood, one of the most repugnant bands of aliens attempting Earth conquest in recent memory; and the current story, dealing with the possible reincarnation of Dark Phoenix and the effect this will have on, among other things, Cyclops' love life (as well as what's gone wrong with Storm and will Professor Xavier ever walk again and will Lilandra regain the throne of the Shi'ar Empire from her usurping sister and other questions). Criticism may be made that these are all old stories--but then, what things are new under the sun?

Generally the story of the X-Men is well told, and the artwork is usually good, sometimes extraordinary. All in all, a wonderful thing. Let me know if you have trouble figuring out what's going on.

American Flagg. Published by First Comics. God I love this comic. I picked up the first issue a little over a month ago because I really liked the cover (think I'll probably frame it and hang it on the wall). The story is a classic--the decline and fall of empire, this time the declining empire being the United States some fifty years from now, following a worldwide economic collapse and other charming things. The US government has relocated to Mars, urban terrorism has reached new and terrifying heights, and society is steadily going down for the third time. Though it is far from a likable future, I think I'm going to like what Reuben Flagg does in it. The artwork is stupendous, gripping--each page, each panel is full of fascinating detail. This is not a comic to just read; it is one to study with joy.

But then, any book that features a talking cat named Raul starts out ahead anyway for me. Go get it; the second issue is just as good and even more intriguing. Good puns, too.

Well, this is about all I have time for this time around. There's more to talk about, for the world of comics is experiencing some sort of renaissance. I don't know why, but things are definitely exciting out there. Next time I hope to talk about why I don't like DC Comics no matter how hard I try, along with more reviews of different comics and more biased and arbitrary opinions.

Gotta go now anyway, there's a Dodger game on...

((Aeditorial Intrusion: See how easy it is to do a column for FACTSHEET FIVE? All you have to do is mention it once and I'll hound you until you cough up that old pound of flesh. Actually, I'm only looking for one or perhaps two more regular columnists, due to this ridiculous increas in pages, but if anyone is interested they should let me know.

((By the way, I totally concur with Robert's opinions on American Flagg. It may be old hat to SF fans and others, but the story is well-done and the art is, well, pretty as a picture. There. You can see why I don't do the comics reviews myself.))

As long as I've got this extra space, let me emulate the lovely "Alchymical Dragon" above and breathe fire at a very few people. You know (I hope) who you are.

Way back on page one there is a list of ways one can continue to get FACTSHEET FIVE in your mailbox once a quarter. It is a fairly long list, and I think more than fair. One thing is not on the list. FACTSHEET FIVE is not available for letters of comment!

Now I know that it is a long and venerable fannish tradition to send out fanzines to anyone who cares enough to write one a letter. However, I am not a venerable fannish traditionalist. More to the point, I'm broke.

Don't get me wrong. I love mail. I'm always happy to correspond with anyone who can put words down on paper in an interesting order. But if that person wants to keep getting FF, then he or she had better start sending me some stamps or money.

Thank you, and thank you FM.

((AEditor's Note: This column may or may not continue, but I did want to quote the following at somewhat greater length than my previous format would allow))

dear Mike-Boy,

And now for comments on Factsheet Five, the Nation's Rag, brought to me through the good graces of my government. First off I checked those phone numbers for you, being as San Francisco is only a dollarandthirtyfive cents away by BART and even closer by push button. Actually I knew about Dial-A-Rumor before, but the times I had called they either did not answer the phone or told me this interesting story about a local city councilman reading the works of Bakunin and being inspired thereby to blow up some street barriers an enlightened previous administration had built to prevent young hoodlums from Fraternity Row from roaring through residential areas at excessive speeds. Amusing, but perhaps too local for long-distance callers. Today when I called, however, they told me this interesting tale of a suspected Albanian invasion of El Salvador, including the decision of the commander of the John Belushi Brigade that "the laws of history decree that El Salvador needs an Atlantic coastline." For someone raised on the decrees of Pepe the First that Bermuda was rightfully part of America, and the campaign statement of ASB Presidential candidate Myron Murakami that the Sudetenland was truly part of Simi High's campus, this is traditionally funny and always gets a laugh. They then went on to speculate that Albanian party chief Enver Hoxha and L. Ron Hubbard were the same person. I had to go at that point, so I don't know what else they were going to tell me. No one answered the phone at Dial-an-Excuse, which is always a good excuse.

There is also a number fo Dial-A-Meditiation--(415)-665-2244--which is usually busy but--when you can get throughgh--seems to consist of the word "om" repeated at various frequencies. I lost interest quickly. There's also Dial-an-Atheist--(415)-974-1750--but the woman sounds snotty and elitist and downright obnoxious. I have nothing against atheists personally; I only wish they had nothing against me....

I like the way Anni writes. I only go to movies on a whim these days, practically irregardless of reviews, but I enjoy reading them (reviews, that is). I feel she may as well emphasize little films rather than big ones like Gandhi or Fast Times at Ridgemont High, because it is more fun to read about something that people don't write articles in the New Republic about.

While I have a sense of movie aesthetics and even know who Ranier Fassbinder is (he's dead, for one thing) (but I don't know who that other guy is) (expect I'll live), I still find that I enjoy "bad" movies for no rational reason, like Fast Times or Flashdance. Maybe it's just the music I like, I don't know.

Anyway. I would like to write but I have no idea what I would write about...I cannot write philosophical treatises on doubt--whether pro or con. I only doubt some things in my life and the rest of it seems ridiculous to bother worrying about. Wasn't it Lazarus Long who said "sooner or later you will know"? This is perhaps a strange attitude for a religious person to have, but it's where I'm at.

Monterey or Bust,

Raoul-boy

Mikey dear,

...I did very much like the new issue of FFF - it seems to be shaping up very well in its new incarnation. I may even send for a couple of the things listed, though God knows I already get enough bizarre things in the mail, causing the postman to believe I'm some sort of rumdum, or at least a recruiter from some offbeat paper drive....

Now here's a question for you: What is the third ward? Answer: A section in Brooklyn from which Henry Miller and I both hail, known in Tammany Hall days for particularly corrupt political practises. So you see, my love, when I wrote third ward, I meant third ward, and not "third world". I don't really mind though - "third world" is probably a good deal less obscure, and may even be funnier, conjuring up, as it does, images of revolutionaries in colourful native garb going to vote in CIA donated quonset huts. I just wanted to set the record straight, is all....

I missed the beginnning of all this, but when I lived in Brooklyn my bathroom light switch was outside, when I lived in San Francisco it was inside, as it is in Montreal and New Jersey, and when I lived in New York City it was a pull chain hanging from the ceiling, but the shower was outside - in the living room, in fact. Is all of this supposed to mean something?

With malice towards all,

Anni Ackner

((Oops. Sorry about that--my dyslexic typing style sometimes makes changes in submitted copy without going through my brain for a test run. As to the bathroom light switches, you didn't miss much. But an outside shower? I thought they only did that in Chem Labs.--MG))

Dear Mike,

Yours is a funny & informative publication--I enjoyed it--Jeez tho', I get so many mags do I really want to be tempted by more?

Anni is a good writer, an excellent writer, a funny writer--but why waste our time telling us about lousy movies? She could just tell us about gooduns.

For instance, see Tender Mercies with Robert Duval, the only accurate to the dialect and people Hollywood flick ever made about Texas.

She's got a sharp mind and could save us grief by telling us about gooduns--info that's hard to get.

Best,

Chuck Taylor

((Anni? Any response? I prefer not to dictate subjects to my staph writers.))

Boston Sunday Globe April 24, 1983

Buried pipes

Q. How would one find the sewer line from the house to the main in the street or determine where it comes out of the house? The pipes are under the basement concrete floor. The sewer company and plumber are unable to locate either without digging up the whole yard. We are trying to locate the vent.

A. Generally the main house waste pipe (three inches to four inches in diameter) heads for the main street sewer (or the septic tank) in the most direct way, whether it goes through the concrete slab or the foundation wall.

Try the following system. We have not only seen buried pipes located this way but have done it ourselves many times.

Cut two wire coat hangers in the shape of an "L" with the bottom bar remaining full length while the short section is made of about five inches of one shoulder.

Grip the short pieces in your fists as you would a hand gun butt while you point the two long sections straight ahead. Hold your knuckles together at chest height and approximately a foot from your chest. Balance the horizontal pieces and hold them loosely and horizontally and start walking very slowly in the basement or outside where you suspect the pipe might be. As you go over the pipe the coat hangers will swing slowly open to parallel the direction of the pipe.

Don't laugh! It can work. You may have what it takes.

We learned this one from a plumber who learned it in the Army, where it was used to locate tunnels. It works with metal and plastic pipes of any size, but we can't tell you why as no one has explained it to us.

WHOLE LIFE TIMES JUNE 1983

Aging: *The Holistic View*

One of the most dangerous aspects of the anti-aging supplements business is the mindset that it promotes: that if you just take this pill — or combination of pills, whether they are vitamins, minerals, or synthetic agents — you will confer health and longevity upon yourself. Human life, however, from a holistic perspective, is the result of the interaction of many different factors, of which nutrition is only one. Equally, if not more important, in terms of health and longevity are *exercise* (both cardiovascular and musculoskeletal); *stress reduction and stress management*; *psychosocial factors* (including attitudes, self-concept, work, dignity, relationships, emotional expression); and *environmental factors* (pollutants, air and water quality, toxic additives, light and sound, contact with nature).

It is dangerously deceptive to think that a person who smokes and drinks heavily, eats a high-fat, low-fiber diet, drinks six cups of coffee a day and runs on stress and anxiety, with unhealthy social relationships and an oppressive work situation, is going to somehow achieve optimal health and an extended lifespan simply by consuming the right nutrients and anti-aging substances.

Yet this hardly exaggerates the position of Pearson and Shaw, who represent one extreme in anti-aging thought and are enjoying tremendous public influence at the moment. Along with known nutrients, their best-selling book includes hundreds of drugs and chemicals, with inadequate coverage of possible toxicity, side effects, synergistic effects, or what large doses of any of them might do to your overall body balance. Pearson and Shaw cheerfully admit that most substances they write about have never been tested on human beings — at least not as dietary additives. They call themselves "living experiments"; and though some of their ideas may prove sound, the risks of joining such experimentation are formidable.

In the larger picture, the "secrets" of longevity are the same factors that contribute to optimal well-being at any age: exercise, positive attitudes, beneficent relationships, healthy environments. There are no "shortcuts" around these aspects of life. Some specific "life-extension" diets and supplementation are definitely of value, and the results of ongoing research are exciting — but they are only a part of the whole picture.

BOOKS

TRUE CIVILIZATION, by Josiah Warren (Burt Franklin hc reprint 1967): A pioneer anarchist arguing that individual interests are the basis of society and that "self-sovereignty" is guaranteed to all Americans by the Declaratoin of Independence. The only legitimate function of government, as he sees it, is to restrain violence. An interesting book, but somewhat outdated by "progress" over the last hundred years. (AAA)

THE OCCULT, by Colin Wilson (Random House hc 1971): A collection of facts and factoids, arranged in a Velikovskyan manner to prove that There Is Something Out There. Amusing, but not that amusing. Skip it. (A)

FRIDAY, by Robert A. Heinlein (Holt, Reinhart & Winston hc 1982): A super-competent courier, who happens to be female but acts just like Heinlein's male heroes, romps around a world which is degenerating into anarchy. A fun read. My only major complaint is the attribution of Friday's supepowers to genetic engineering; it might as well have been kryptonite. (AAAAA)

THE METHUSELAH ENZYME, by Fred Mustard Stewart (Bantam pb 1972): A story about a mad scientist who thinks he's discovered the fountain of youth. "Do not reveal the shock ending!" says the cover. I won't--I think it must have been left out of my copy. (A½A)

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL. edited by Morton N. Cohen (Pantheon tpb 1982): Carroll was a prolific and entertaining writer, sending or receiving about 2000 letters a year for most of his life. (I run about 1500 a year between bouts of gafiation.) This is an excellent selection, composed of equal parts wordplay, seriousness, and pedophilia. (AAAA)

FIREFOX, by Craig Thomas (Bantam pb 1978): A top U.S. pilot sneaks into Russia to steal their latest jet-fighter during its trials. Pretty uneven, varying between plausible and ridiculous, but always fast-paced. I would tell you how it compares to the movie but I haven't seen the movie yet. Just a little below the quality of Forsyth or Ludlum. (AAAA)

THE SIRIUS MYSTERY, by Robert K.G. Temple (St. Martin's hc 1976): "Was earth visited by intelligent beings from a planet in the system of the star Sirius?" says the jacket. I doubt it. If I was running a primitive tribe, my mythology might revolve around the brightest star in the sky even if I'd only been visited by the Fuller-brush man. Interesting speculations, plausible without being convincing. (AAA)

2010: ODYSSEY TWO, by Arthur C. Clarke (Del Rey tpb 1982): The Star child comes back for an encore and helps his new masters promote evolution in the Solar System after letting some astronauts have a scenic tour of the Jupiter system. A reasonable sequel, satisfying without being flashy, but I have to side with those who think it would have been better to leave well enogh alone. (AAAA½A)

HANDBOOK OF CUBIK MATH, by Alexander H. Frey, Jr. & David Singmaster (Enslow Publishers tpb 1982): An excellent book about Rubik's Cube, far and away the best I've seen. Not only does it contain a clearly-explained method for solving the damned thing, but it also has several chapters on the group-theoretical principles involved so that you can claim you only got the book to understand the higher math involved. (★★★★ ½ ★)

INFINITY AND THE MIND, by Rudy Rucker, (Birkhäuser hc 1982): A playful romp through the realm of extremely large numbers. Transfinite math is an area I find extremely interesting, full of paradoxes and yet very logical. Rucker deftly weaves together the math with mystical speculations on how the universe could be set up and what part of it we can hope to understand. Thus it is possible to enjoy this book without understanding the math at all. (★★★★★)

GRAMMATICAL MAN, by Jeremy Campbell (Simon & Schuster tpb 1982): An introduction to information science, which is a multidisciplinary approach towards looking at almost everything in terms of the information and communications involved. The science is a bit too popularized for my tastes--we get glimpses of what information science can do without any real understanding of how it gets there. Some fascinating speculations on why language is so illogical. (★★★ ½ ★)

THE TIME TRIP, by Rob Swigart (Houghton Mifflin hc 1979): A computer scientist hooks up with a boy genius and travels back to the time of Gilgamesh to try and get the secret of immortality and revive his wife who commited suicide by microwave oven. Sometimes inventive, sometimes trite (Death as a Holiday Inn), mostly amusing. Some of the same type of wordplay found in Illuminatus!--a lady lawyer named Prue Nisenvy, for example. (★★★)

LORD OF LIGHT, by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday hc 1967): Even though this book won a Hugo, I would class it as one of Zelazny's minor works. Men of the far future, raised to the status of gods by overweening hubris, fight back and forth over the question of whether their descendants are ready for the benefits of technology or not. Perhaps I'm just over-reacting to all the Hindi names, which made it difficult for me to follow the plot. (★★★)

ON THE TRUTH OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH, by Saint Thomas Aquinas (Image pb 1956): Logic can produce moving, beautiful gibberish if employed with enough rigor, and this book is a marvelous example of the heights of indeciperability that a supremely logical person can attain. What more is there to say about someone who affirms that flatworms have one soul actually and two potentially, becoming two souls actually when the worm is cut in two? (★★)

THE TURNING POINT, by Fritjof Capra (Simon & Schuster hc 1982): Modern physics admits of a holistic explanation for particle interactions, to the occasional exclusion of reductionist explanations. Ergo, nothing can be explained by reductionism. Personally, I think he's full of shit. (★)

FLETCH'S FORTUNE, by Gregory MacDonald (Avon pb 1978): I tend to think of the "Fletch" books as sort of the junk food of mystery writing, which may just show how ignorant I am of the field. This is the third of the series, but stands easily on its own. Newspaper reporter and ne'er-do-well I.M. Fletcher is coerced into representing the CIA at a journalists' convention, and has fun trying to extricate himself while solving a murder. (AAAA)

HOUSE PLANTS FOR THE PURPLE THUMB, by Maggie Baylis (101 Productions tpb 1981): This is the updated edition of a gardening classic. With this as a reference even I can keep the greenery in this place in some semblance of health. Worth having if you want to grow anything to cheer the place up. (I wouldn't know about stuff you grow to cheer yourself up). (AAAA)

THE DA VINCI LEGACY, by Lewis Purdue (Pinnacle pb 1983): The title suggests a rip-off of Robert Ludlum, and the plot seems to attempt it, but the style falls far short. A gang of mad monks out to run the world is stopped by Our Hero. I think he should have stuck to raising chickens. (AA)

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR, by Malory, trans. Keith Baines (Mentor pb 1962): I am fond of the Arthurian cycle of myth, but never managed to plow through a full translation of this book. This condensed version is a bit more accesible, and full of odd tidbits of information not a part of most later works in the tradition. For example, it is Galahad who pulls the sword from the stone. (AAA ½ A)

THE TRITON ULTIMATUM, by Lawrence Delaney (Dell pb 1977): A group of conspirators in the Navy and elsewhere attempt a coup in the US by purloining a Trident sub from within. Well-paced, with an unexpected twist at the end. (AAA ½ A)

THE SANTAROGA BARRIER, by Frank Herbert (Berkeley pb 1968): The decline and fall of one man's reality. Amusing but a long long book for one small idea. (AAA)

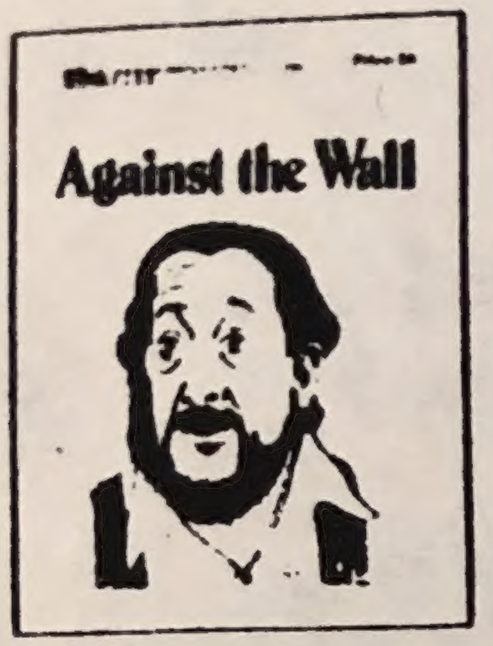
BARRACUDA, by Irving A. Greenfield (Arbor House hc 1978): A conspiracy to overthrow the government by swiping a new submarine. A popular theme when Trident was being built. This was a remaindered library edition, and I can understand why no one was checking it out. (A)

SUNFLOWER, by Marilyn Sharp (Marek hc 1979): A top CIA agent is assigned to kidnap the President's daughter, does so, finds he's been tricked, and puts her back. Not much to hang a plot on, yet this is one of the best "thrillers" I've read lately. The author actually manages to handle writing about human beings almost as well as writing about spy toys and technology. (AAAA)

HELLSTROM'S HIVE, by Frank Herbert (Bantam pb 1974): Wonderful, classic book about humans being bred over into a new breed along the lines of colony insects. Gripping and nearly plausible. I seem to recall that there was a movie made of this. If you've seen it, don't let it prejudice you against the book. (AAAAA)

Ads

If you've seen one



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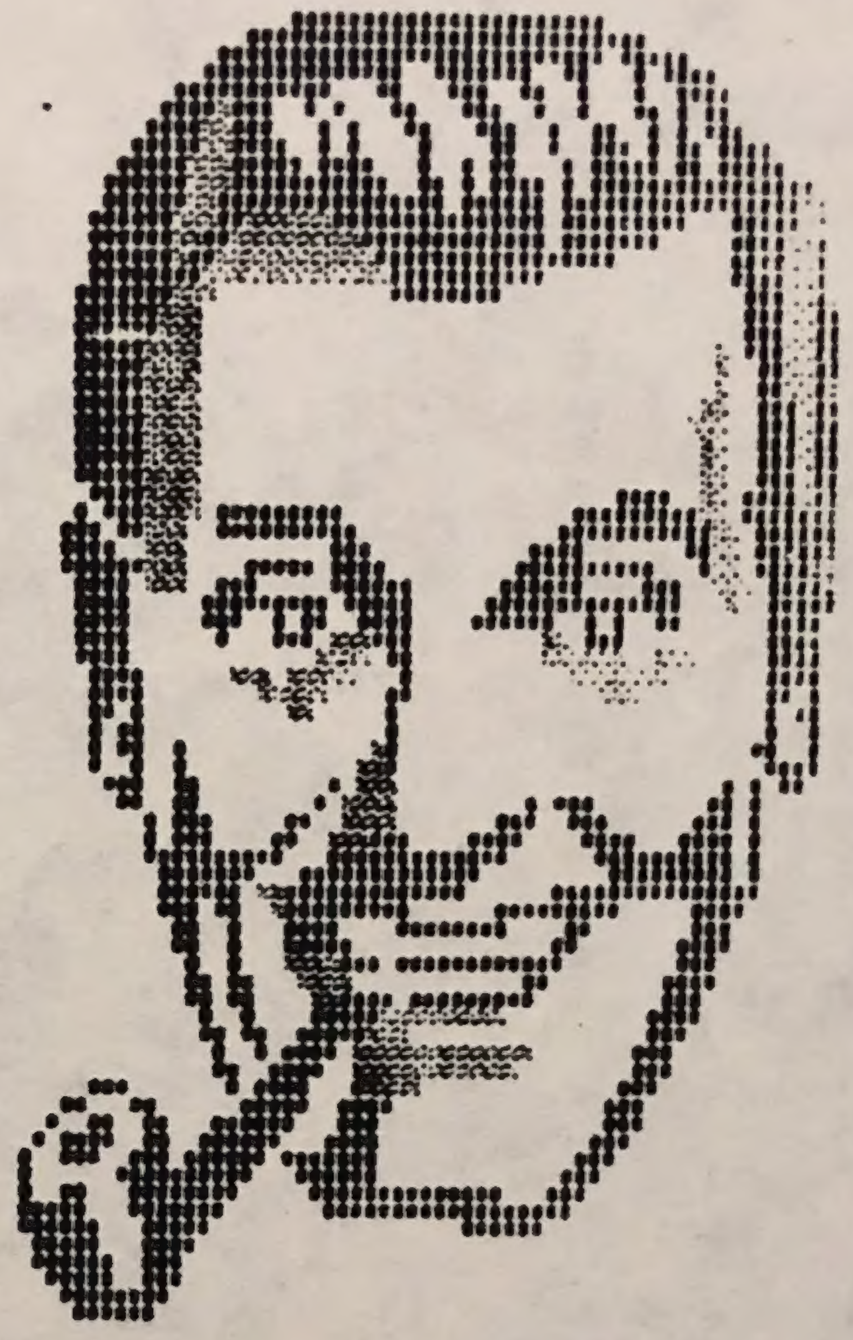

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